

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION
(Including Postage).
PER MONTH.....30c.
PER YEAR.....\$3.50

VOL. 29.....NO. 10,072
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1207 Broadway between 31st and 32d sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—350 Fulton st., BROOKLYN.
Department, 150 East 125th st., Advertisement at 227 East 115th st., PHILADELPHIA, PA., LEXINGTON Building, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST., WASHINGTON—610 14th st.
LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

YEARLY RECORD.
TOTAL NO. OF WORLDS PRINTED DURING 1888:
104,473,650.
AVERAGE PER DAY FOR ENTIRE YEAR:
285,447.
SEVEN YEARS COMPARED:
THE WORLD came under the Present Proprietorship May 10, 1883.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	8,124,137	22,331
1883.....	12,235,234	33,541
1884.....	28,519,785	77,922
1885.....	51,241,267	140,387
1886.....	70,126,014	192,124
1887.....	83,380,828	228,465
1888.....	104,473,650	285,447

Sunday WORLD'S Record:
Averaging Over 230,000 Copies Each Sunday Since 1885.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	14,727	
1883.....	24,054	
1884.....	79,985	
1885.....	166,636	
1886.....	234,724	
1887.....	257,267	
1888.....	260,326	

Amount of White Paper Used During the Six Years Ending Dec. 31, 1888:

Year.	Pounds.	Year.	Pounds.
1883.....	1,423,394	1886.....	12,200,829
1884.....	4,468,453	1887.....	15,657,069
1885.....	8,329,307	1888.....	17,134,467

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

COME, STOP YOUR BLUFFING.
Despite THE EVENING WORLD's liberal offer our esteemed evening contemporary, with a persistent and fatuous fondness for bluffing, still maintains this cheerful legend at the head of its editorial column:
The circulation of THE EVENING SUN is larger than that of any other evening paper in the United States.
The non-acceptance of our friendly offer, however, leads disinterested observers to the conclusion that the Evening Sun recognizes it is too coy to admit that the circulation of THE EVENING WORLD is at least 25 per cent. greater than its own.
But we will not be mean about this matter. The Evening Sun shall have another chance. The offer is revised as follows:
THE EVENING WORLD hereby agrees to pay \$2,000 in cash to the Press Club's charity fund if, upon thorough examination, its bona fide circulation is found to be every day in the week at least 30 per cent. larger than that of THE EVENING SUN—three prominent advertisers to be the judges.
And, if this generous offer is not accepted within the constitutional limit of ten days, we shall increase the percentage again.

IS JUSTICE TO BE DONE?
A number of instances in which the police seem to have exceeded their rights and duties under laws which are supposed to govern them as well as other citizens, have come to light within a few days.
But most conspicuous and glaring among them all is the case of Patrolman PATRICK LAYIN, who is known to have admitted that he clubbed Janitor Frost after he, Frost, was "down." Frost died of his injuries, and Coroner SCHULTZ held an inquest which was a mere farce.
Is justice to be done in this case, and if so, who is to do it?

THE PATRON SAINT OF ERIN.
Though born in Great Britain, from which Ireland has since been so sadly divided by seas and tyrannies, Saint Patrick gave his name and his fame to the green island which keeps his memory sacred.
All over Erin he lives in the names of loch, village and mountain, and his good deeds have come down the ages unmarred by a single reproach.
Surely no people have a patron saint better worth honoring in their own or an adopted land than the good old missionary who herded swine on the hills of Sleamish fifteen hundred years ago.

WHAT CAME OF IT?
No alarming and unprecedented outbreak of crime, violence and rapine has so far followed the opening of an art museum to the public yesterday.
Yesterday was Sunday, too.
The police have not reported that hundreds of mechanics, day-laborers and other thrifty persons who cannot visit picture galleries during the week have been so fired by the nomenclature of cold marble and dry paint, to which they were unexpectedly admitted yesterday, as to rush riotously through the streets and wreck social order, the law and the profits of millionaires.
But they saw these things yesterday, not in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but in the Lakay Gallery on Fifth avenue.
What is the latest reason why the Metropolitan Museum isn't opened Sundays?

MUNDANE MATTERS.

New York is not at all disconcerted at the growing rumor that Kansas City is to be the future great city of America. Life in Kansas City is rendered too perilous, by reason of the constant danger of falling over a bluff, for the population ever to become excessively large.

The discovery of a conscience in a Republican Senator has shocked his entire party. Strong efforts will be made to induce Senator Chase to withhold his resignation. For a Republican office-holder to resign because he didn't believe he was legally elected would be a fearfully compromising precedent!

The Legislature of California adjourned sine die yesterday to see a rattling prize-fight. Two of the Senators backed the pugilists, and it is supposed that when this august body of lawmakers is reconvened a vote of thanks to the gentlemen of the ring for their instructive and lifelike exhibition will be engendered and spread on the hills. If the time ever comes when Mr. John L. Sullivan is annoyed at the consequences of his sprees in the East, the California Legislature would evidently offer him a future.

Ann Emily Ward, of Detroit, enjoys the reputation as well as the satisfaction of having given a start to, and in some cases reared, a number of poor boys who have since become millionaires. It is pleasant, too, to think that this estimable old lady has never been subjected to the mortification of seeing any of her proteges in either the Penitentiary or the United States Senate.

Mme. Dis Debar has joined her fortunes to those of a noted magician, and they will appear hereafter on the same platform to charm dollars out of the public pocket.

Oh, Dis Debar, then can it be
That dollars have a charm for thee?
Was it the Magic Light that once glowed
To guide thy spirit on life's road?
Was it an ignis-fatuus
To suffer thee to labor thus?
Oh, Dis Debar, say if you can
Have you Disbarred your Lutherman?

Friends of Warner Miller who fought with him when he fell just byant the breastworks should at least have the job of digging the trenches out. It is believed the breastworks were almost destroyed.

Mr. John Wansmaker, wife of the Postmaster-General, has left Nice for Florence and will travel through Italy before returning to Paris. She is expected home late in the Spring.
A correspondent writing from Athens says that a remarkable feature of Athenian society is the beauty of the women, at least 90 per cent. of the women and young girls seen at the balls being positively pretty.
The handsome man of President Harrison's Cabinet is Gen. Noble, the Secretary of the Interior. He is rather short in stature, but has a fine head, with white hair, white mustache and imperial and expressive blue eyes.
One of the most valued treasures of the Keystone Club, of Philadelphia, is an ancient receipt for making punch. It was the result of the labors of a distinguished German scientist, and came into the possession of the Club some years ago.

THAT CUCKOO CLOCK.
Jones Hanga His Handsome Birthday Present Above His Bed and Retires.
(From the Jewelers' Weekly.)



The Clock Strikes One!



The Clock Strikes Two!!



The Clock Strikes Three!!!

Wants Justice Done the Boy.
I have read a great deal about the murder of Gunther Wechsung and the accused boy Krulisch. I beg to draw your attention to the fact that when a suspicion fell on the boy clerk they failed to find any traces of blood upon his clothing, and it seems to me that if he had, as alleged, done the clonping there would certainly have been some traces of blood about him. Knowing that you take an interest in trying to find the right and wrong of all such cases and hoping that you will see that justice is done the boy, I remain,
ROBERT E. BADGER (fourteen years),
15 Ivy street, Brooklyn.

To Celebrate Jefferson's Birthday.
Delegates of the Single Tax Club and the Manhattan Single Tax Club met yesterday and selected Cooper Union as the place for celebrating the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, also the decennial anniversary of the publication of "Progress and Poverty."

"Returned in Full Force."
JAN. 16, 1888.
Dear Sir: My wife had been very much run down, her blood being very thin and in bad condition generally. I gave her a bottle of your COMPOUND KIDNEY PILLS and the effect was IMMEDIATE and most satisfactory. She improved at once, felt much stronger and her appetite returned in full force. She is now in the best of health and sends most sincere thanks for the same, and also recommends your KIDNEY PILLS to every one as the best Tonic and Blood Purifier to the world.
Yours gratefully,
J. H. B. DEBARKER,
600 West 24th st., N. Y. C.

STILL AT THE PIGS.

Young and Old Striving to Surpass Previous Records.

A Tempting Challenge from a "Champion Puzzle Solver."

The Ladies Try Their Hands With Good Success.

Interest in that rattle-dazzle game of pig-driving has assumed such alarming proportions that from being an innocent and instructive little puzzle, designed to while away a few idle minutes, it has now become the bone of contention for the claim to "Champion Pig-Driver," founded on the surpassing quick records which have been sent to the office of THE EVENING WORLD, and which records several emulative people have striven to surpass.

It was a noteworthy fact that until to-day none of the gentler sex had contributed their records to the general list. Two, however, have broken the silence and submit their records, twenty and thirteen seconds respectively.

One enthusiastic individual, who signs himself "Champion Puzzle Solver of the Sixth Ward," having made a record of fourteen seconds, comes out boldly and challenges anyone for \$50 a side to beat his time.
This may be found interesting to many who claim to have penned the pigs in time ranging from 5.5 to 8 seconds.
Another inventive genius has discovered that the truly artistic way of manipulating the pigs is to balance the box on the feet, and by a rocking motion persuade them to enter the pen.

A Little Boy's Good Record.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
I have a little boy ten years of age who has put the pigs in the pen in seven seconds. His name is George Arthur Richards, and I will be glad to have him named under fifteen years of age.
C. N. RICHARDS.

The Ladies Are Beginning.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
I read that no ladies had as yet reported their efforts at pig-driving, so I will lead by reporting to have driven the pigs triumphantly in the pen in twenty seconds by the watch in the presence of my parents.
ADA R. AUSTIN,
237 East Eighty-first street.

A Challenge for Ladies.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
I challenge any woman in New Jersey to put the pigs in clover as quickly as my wife can: Four pigs in clover, thirteen seconds; seven pigs in clover, five and a half minutes. If you can find any woman to beat this please trot her out.
A. CONAN, Paterson, N. J.

A Record of Six Seconds.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
I penned the pigs in seven seconds from the time I commenced, and since then I can pen them in six seconds. Tell your readers to pen all the large ones first, then get the small one in, at the same time keeping an eye on the pen so the two pigs block the door when they move.
MANUEL DE BAHAN,
566 Seventh avenue.

A New War of Driving.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
The only truly artistic way to drive those pigs into the pen is to do it with your feet. Place the puzzle on your feet with the door of the pen towards you, resting your heels on the floor, and drive the pigs in by tilting the box back and forth. I did it last night in 2 minutes and 15 seconds. I am a young man, and heretofore my reputation for veracity has been unimpeached. My feet are large and well developed.
D. CLARENCE HICKS,
209 West Fourteenth street.

Wants to Start a Tournament.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
Will you please publish my claim to the amateur championship of pigs in clover penning. I have done this puzzle in 5.5 seconds, being timed correctly by the ticks of a watch, and also by a second hand. I have done it a number of times in 7 seconds, and several times in dry summers. I have prepared to offer proof of all the above.
As you will probably have a number of quick records sent in to you, I would suggest that THE EVENING WORLD get up a tournament to decide the championship by an average time on about five trials.
D. CLARENCE HICKS,
209 West Fourteenth street.

Challenge from a Doubting Thomas.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
I do not believe one word of some of these gentlemen claiming to have put the pigs in the pen in eight seconds; it could not be done in one chance out of a hundred. I am speaking of facts. I have tried this puzzle over sixty times, and the quickest time I have done the puzzle was in fourteen seconds, which is remarkable time. I do not believe there is any man who could do it as quick. Now to show that I mean business, I will challenge any one, no matter who he may be, for \$50 a side, man and money to be found if challenge is sent, within two weeks, to Thomas Maher's, corner Pearl and Centre streets, New York.
JOHN A. CARROLL,
Champion Puzzle Solver of the Sixth Ward.

"PIGS IN CLOVER."

The other day I came Across a game,
I know you'll find the same The city over.
I bought one just to see How easy it would be To drive those piggies we From out the clover.
I gave a happy grin, I almost had them in, If it had not been For one and over.

Shaking it I tried, They ran round the side, And plainly me defied, Those Pigs in Clover.

"Ha, ha!" now this is fun, I will before I'm done, Send every single one Right into "Dover."

One-two-three, oh, Lor! I thought I had the four, But they all skipped from the door, Those Pigs in Clover.

Now I've got them in the lane, No, I've not, there off again, Oh, Heavens! I'll go insane And bind and gray morrower.

This puzzle that was first a lamb Has turned into an untamed ram. My head, my head! Oh! Confound Those Pigs in Clover.

FIGHTING MAD AT COLLINS.

REPUBLICANS IN THE FOURTH AGGRESSIVELY DEMAND A NEW LEADER.

Lawyer Rosenthal and the Hebrew-American League Lead the Attack—They Say Collins Tried to Sell Them Out in Many Ways and Is Too Old—Mass-Meeting Called for Friday Night.

John Frank Carroll and The Allen, the rival Republican leaders of the Fifth Assembly District, have raised so much dust in their neighborhood that the attention of the public has been diverted from a lively little fracas which has been going on on the east side.

The Fourth District is the scene of this row, and John Collins, the present Republican leader, is the man whose scalp is demanded by a large proportion of his constituency, led by Counselor Alex. S. Rosenthal.

The fight began during the late campaign, but Collins's opponents did not become very aggressive until after election, when Rosenthal petitioned the County Committee to reorganize the Fourth District machine and drop the hated Collins into the subcellar of oblivion.

This petition was made at the request of the Hebrew-American Republican League, of which Rosenthal is President, and the reasons assigned for Collins's removal were numerous.

In the first place Collins is alleged to be extremely anti-Semitic in his views, which he has avowed to publicly, expressed in the saloons and other places of the district, thus alienating a large class of voters in the district from the Republican party and rendering it impossible to recruit the ranks of the organization.

He is also charged with refusing to nominate Republicans for local offices and having bunched the tickets of the County Democratic candidates for Assembly and Aldermen with the Republican tickets at the last election.

This action the Hebrew-American Republican League, Rosenthal's ally, resented, and heaped 1,700 votes for the Tammany candidates, Hayes for Assembly and Noonan for Alderman, electing them.

Collins is also accused of "juggling and dealing" in the Republican votes of the district for his financial benefit, and this assertion is backed by an affidavit to the effect that he attempted to sell the Hebrew vote of the district to Congressman Tim Campbell for \$3,000.

A younger man, with "more liberal views, some education and religious tolerance, sympathizing with the sentiments of the various heterogeneous population of the district," is demanded for leader by the petitioners, that the Republican organization may be built up.

The speaker of the Republican voters of the district has been called for next Friday evening to express dissatisfaction at the incompetency of Collins.

At American Star Hall, 165 East Broadway, and a lively shindy, equal to the Carroll-Allen entertainment in the Fifth District, is expected.

Still Another Experiment.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
I hasten to send in my contribution on Irish snakes. I was well acquainted with a young man who had amassed a considerable sum of money at the Kimberly diamond fields, South Africa, and had decided to visit his native land. He brought with him a great many cur, and among the rest a few snakes. He promised me before leaving to write me often and let me know how his pets fared. He had a monkey and also a few other animals, which he had obtained in Madagascar. They all lived but the snakes, which he declared on arriving at Dublin en route for Cork, died.
JOHN S. MCCONNELL,
Brooklyn, March 15.

Some Timely Suggestions.
To the Snake Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
I have read with interest the numerous communications published by you in relation to the absence of snakes in Ireland.

It is an undoubted fact that none exist there in a wild state, and the one which an Englishman claims to have seen was simply an escaped pet. In dry summers I have frequently the reporter barely escaped a fall. After walking a block a faint ray of daylight shone through a manhole, which marked the spot where the passage ended. As the party drew near the faint outlines of what appeared to be a large box were seen. Upon closer examination, however, it proved to be a very unsightly left, and it that was operated nearly twenty years ago.

THE PNEUMATIC CAR.
It was originally built of heavy ash on an iron frame, and was upholstered with fine plush. Formerly there were ten colored glass panes in the windows, and lamps to light the interior of the car. It was a very comfortable and elegant conveyance, and was often mistaken for snakes by those unfamiliar with their habits and appearance.
Ireland, however, is not the only country that is free from snakes, and I am surprised that none of the communications received by you make mention of the fact that New Zealand must have received a visit from St. Patrick. He had a monkey and also a few other animals, which he had obtained in Madagascar. They all lived but the snakes, which he declared on arriving at Dublin en route for Cork, died.
JOHN S. MCCONNELL,
Brooklyn, March 15.

Zion Lodge Extends Sympathy to Ireland.
Zion Lodge, Independent Order Free Sons of Israel, paid a fraternal visit to Daniel Webster Lodge at its rooms in the Florence Building last evening. Julius Harburger, First United States Deputy Grand Master, on behalf of Zion Lodge, delivered an address on the Feast of Purim. Among other things he said: Another great celebration of the day of our greatest and noblest hero, the 17th of March, 1880, arrives may the Irish race celebrate its day as one of deliverance from persecution and slavery, and have a constitutional government of their own. Other speeches were made by J. E. Lowenstein, J. B. Franklin, Joseph Steiner and Nathan L. Hahn.

Mr. Plummer Out for Good.
John F. Plummer insists on being only a "private in the ranks" so far as the Business Men's Republican Association is concerned. He has refused to withdraw his resignation as President of the Association and has so informed the Executive Committee in a long letter explanatory of his position.
The tunnel was completed, and on Feb. 28, 1870, the first trip was made. An "underground reception" was given, to which all the State and city officials, well known engineers and members of the press were invited. The tunnel was used until 1883, when the idea of running cars by atmospheric force was abandoned, as it was found to be impracticable owing to its great expense.
The tunnel has been closed from that time until this, except for a short time, when, it is said, it was used as a shooting-gallery.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
To purify your blood and fortify your system against the debilitating effects of spring weather. At no other season is the blood more prominent, the breath so offensive, the drowsy dizziness so frequent, or that extreme tired feeling so prevalent. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to build up the system, purify the blood, cure biliousness, overcome that tired feeling and create a good appetite.
CHAS. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 DOLLAR ONE DOLLAR.

UNDER BROADWAY.

An "Evening World" Reporter Visits the Abandoned Tunnel.

Marks of Time and Decay Everywhere Visible.

When and For What Purpose It Was Originally Built.

Of the thousands of people who daily travel on Broadway, near Warren street, how many are aware that they walk over a tunnel?

Yet there is a subterranean passage that extends nearly two blocks right under the principal parts of that avenue.

It starts on the lower side of Warren street, and extends about three hundred feet, ending between Murray street and Park place.

The tunnel, which was built nearly two decades ago, was constructed for the purpose of experimenting with a pneumatic passenger coach, and after being used three years was abandoned.

An EVENING WORLD reporter accompanied by one of THE EVENING WORLD'S artists, visited their underground cavern the other afternoon.
Mr. Seigel, in whose wine cellar the only opening exists, directed one of his workmen to act as escort, and, lighting a lantern, the man led the way down into the depths of the cellar.

After rolling several barrels out of the way, a heavy iron door was exposed to view. It is set in a massive brick wall, and, when opened, creaked on its rusty hinges.



ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL.

As the party entered the tunnel a chilling blast of air fanned their faces. All that remained of the once handsome platform from which the pneumatic car was boarded is a number of old boards.

The tunnel is round, eight feet in height and for the first few yards is built of iron girders. The roof is supported by heavy iron girders.
After walking twenty feet the party reached the tunnel proper. It is much the same as the entrance, except that the roof is built of brick and masonry instead of iron. A pair of steel railroad tracks laid about two feet apart, run the full length of the passage.

Contrary to expectations, the air, instead of being dank and laden with gas, was remarkably cool and fresh, and although the remains of the New York Steam Heating Company are laid about two feet above the tunnel, their presence is not felt.

The lantern in the hands of Thompson, the guide, shed a very unsightly light, and frequently the reporter barely escaped a fall.

After walking a block a faint ray of daylight shone through a manhole, which marked the spot where the passage ended. As the party drew near the faint outlines of what appeared to be a large box were seen. Upon closer examination, however, it proved to be a very unsightly left, and it that was operated nearly twenty years ago.



THE PNEUMATIC CAR.

It was originally built of heavy ash on an iron frame, and was upholstered with fine plush. Formerly there were ten colored glass panes in the windows, and lamps to light the interior of the car. It was a very comfortable and elegant conveyance, and was often mistaken for snakes by those unfamiliar with their habits and appearance.

Ireland, however, is not the only country that is free from snakes, and I am surprised that none of the communications received by you make mention of the fact that New Zealand must have received a visit from St. Patrick. He had a monkey and also a few other animals, which he had obtained in Madagascar. They all lived but the snakes, which he declared on arriving at Dublin en route for Cork, died.

JOHN S. MCCONNELL,
Brooklyn, March 15.

Zion Lodge Extends Sympathy to Ireland.
Zion Lodge, Independent Order Free Sons of Israel, paid a fraternal visit to Daniel Webster Lodge at its rooms in the Florence Building last evening. Julius Harburger, First United States Deputy Grand Master, on behalf of Zion Lodge, delivered an address on the Feast of Purim. Among other things he said: Another great celebration of the day of our greatest and noblest hero, the 17th of March, 1880, arrives may the Irish race celebrate its day as one of deliverance from persecution and slavery, and have a constitutional government of their own. Other speeches were made by J. E. Lowenstein, J. B. Franklin, Joseph Steiner and Nathan L. Hahn.

Mr. Plummer Out for Good.
John F. Plummer insists on being only a "private in the ranks" so far as the Business Men's Republican Association is concerned. He has refused to withdraw his resignation as President of the Association and has so informed the Executive Committee in a long letter explanatory of his position.
The tunnel was completed, and on Feb. 28, 1870, the first trip was made. An "underground reception" was given, to which all the State and city officials, well known engineers and members of the press were invited. The tunnel was used until 1883, when the idea of running cars by atmospheric force was abandoned, as it was found to be impracticable owing to its great expense.
The tunnel has been closed from that time until this, except for a short time, when, it is said, it was used as a shooting-gallery.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
To purify your blood and fortify your system against the debilitating effects of spring weather. At no other season is the blood more prominent, the breath so offensive, the drowsy dizziness so frequent, or that extreme tired feeling so prevalent. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to build up the system, purify the blood, cure biliousness, overcome that tired feeling and create a good appetite.
CHAS. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 DOLLAR ONE DOLLAR.

REPORTORIAL REAPINGS.

SOME OF THE DAILY HAPPENINGS IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

A Misplaced Earring, for Which Hermann Was Not Responsible.
Before a well-garnished table in the Hoffman House cafe, yesterday, sat the redoubtable Col. Tom Ochiltree. His companions were Ed Stokes, William F. Cody, more widely referred to as "Buffalo Bill," and a certain politician known to the boys as "Jake," and chiefly remarkable for his good looks and his connection with the electrical subway. To these boon companions Col. Ochiltree gave the following narration of his experiences at the theatre the night before:

"It was at Niblo's. The house was jammed, and the curtain had just gone up with Hermann on the stage. Beside me sat a party of five—an old couple from the country, their daughter and a buxom lass with red cheeks, and an escort, evidently a city cousin, a well-built young fellow, with black mustache and side whiskers.

"As the performance progressed the old couple were filled with wonderment, and the old man declared that what he saw put him in mind of what was told of 'them sorcerers in Holy Writ, 'ol Josh!' The city cousin, with black hair, gave some words of explanation as to how the trials were performed, but when Hermann suddenly plunged down into the audience, rushed up to the city cousin, and from his pocket drew forth a gigantic jack-rabbit, city cousin did not attempt to explain how that feat was performed.

"At last came the dark scene and out went all the lights. While the house was in darkness, it seemed to me that I heard a number of peculiar little snatches at my side intermingled with a series of silly giggles. When, to Hermann's command, the lights suddenly shot up, I perceived that the city cousin, from which the strange sounds came, but could see nothing unusual. The country maid and her escort were both peering very earnestly at the stage.

"A whole Buddenstock block must collapse before some people tumble," irreverently replied Mr. Cody.

The Colonel declined to take any notice of the interruption, and continued his story.

"Down lights!" shouted Hermann, and once more we were in total darkness. Right away those same peculiar little snatches, with the giggling accompaniment, began anew. It was decidedly irritating, and I was fumbling in my pocket for a match with which to investigate these phenomena, when suddenly Hermann's voice rang through the house.

"Lights up!"

In an instant the house was in a blaze of light. At the same moment I heard a half-whisper on my left, and turning I saw the country girl with a very red face and her hand to her ear. She was fumbling around in a vain effort to find her earring, which I saw she had lost. The old folks bent over towards the girl.

"What's the matter, Lizzie? Where's yer earring, girl?"

"She hadn't hardly left their lips when they caught sight of something very bright in the young man's black and white whiskers. Slowly the old lady advanced her numb and forefinger to this shining object and drew forth the earring.

"When the performance was over and I was leaving the house, I overheard the young man hinting that this was part of the performance, and that Hermann performed a feat and drew forth the earring.

"Do they have dark sauce every night?" queried Mr. Cody.

"Guess I must take that in this evening—with a friend," remarked the Hon. William F., reflectively.

The Double-Acting Advantage of Barbers' Aprons with Sleeves.
If there is one thing most excruciatingly trying to a nervous person it is having to sit passive and motionless in a barber's chair for upward of an hour to have his hair cut.

And to make the situation more trying, his arms are fettered to his sides by a sleeveless apron, which is fastened to the neck. If it were possible to read a newspaper, or to do the intense tedium of the operation greatly. But very few barbers have consideration enough to provide one of these aprons.

"Now I always use the sleeve apron," said a noble exception to the general rule. "I find it makes my work easier. People don't fret so much if they can smoke or read while being operated on."

"Why these sleeve aprons I have always wondered at. It's surely just as easy to make them so. And customers appreciate them immensely."

I have gotten customers away from barber shops who have patronized for years simply because they are so much more comfortable in my aprons."

James Russell Lowell at the "Fellowcraft."
James Russell Lowell will be the guest of several members of the Fellowcraft Club this evening. He was elected an honorary member of the Club at its last meeting, and he is anxious to visit the club-house at 33 West Twenty-eighth street for the first time. He is anxious to meet as many members as possible.

THE OLD FOLKS WON'T GO TO BED
AND THE
LITTLE ONES WON'T GO TO SCHOOL
Until After They Have Read This Wonderful Tale.

JULES VERNE AND RIDER HAGGARD
ECLIPSED!
ROBINSON CRUSOE OUTDONE.

FORTY MILLION MILES AWAY;
Or, A Voyage to Mars.

MARVELLOUS ACCOUNT OF THE PEOPLE AND CIVILIZATION OF ANOTHER PLANET.

SYNOPSIS OF THE OPENING CHAPTERS:
The writer of the story narrates how he met Col. A. J. of the Confederate service, on a Hudson River boat. Casually they discussed cybers, and at the Colonel's house in New York the latter described a remarkable incident in his life. While shipwrecked on an island in the Pacific he was suddenly held a prisoner. He was treated with kindness by his captors, and he was allowed to study the language of Mars. His host enlightens him as to why the Martian men assailed him, and then gave a résumé of Martian history and customs. The Zampa or Regent, an envoy from the Ruler of Mars, visits the traveler, questions him and then accompanies him to the spot where he had left the astronaut to inspect it.

YOU CAN COMMENCE THIS MOST UNIQUE STORY IN TO-MORROW MORNING